NEW! KAL JERICO: THE BOUNTY HUNTER'S BACK FOR MORE!

28 $2.95 US £2.00 UK

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

Welcome to Mordheim

City of the Damned!

plus! BLOODQUEST • DARKBLADE • TITAN

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

BY THE EMPEROR, but it's so dull being stuck out here in the infinity of the Warp. Every day I run a full weapons drill to keep my bolter ready for any eventuality. I polish up my armour, buffing it until it is bluer than the ocean. I run the inspirational sayings of the blessed Primarchs of the Adeptus Astartes over and over, so that I might stay mentally alert at all times. And for what...? Another day stuck in this void with only a snivelling Chaos worshipper for company.

BY THE SKULL THRONE, *but you are a miserable wretch! You know, you need to cheer up, let your hair down... ahem, not that you've got much. Take a look at that Kal Jerico. You don't see that suave and sophisticated bounty hunter getting disheartened, do you? He's stuck down there in the* moyhem *of the Underhive, where it's filthy with alchemical wastes and riddled with drooling bandits thirsting for his very life-blood. But do you see him in anything other than the finest clothes and with a steely glint in his eye! Of course not!*

SO YOU THINK I should model myself on Mr Jerico, do you? Always skirting the edge of the law, one step ahead of the Arbites and playing everyone off against each other? And look at his clothes! Are you really suggesting that I should trade in this ancient power armour, this noble suit that has been handed down across the ages, from Ultramarine to Ultramarine for... for... for a damned flappy coat and some blue breeches?!

BUT... BUT... *by Khorne it was just a suggestion! You just need to loosen up a little, go with the flow of the Warp...*

AND DO YOU THINK, foul Chaos filth, that I should also swap my trusty bolters for a pair of long-handled duelling las-pistols? No! As the Emperor is my witness I shall not! Besides, if I did, I wouldn't be able to do this...

Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!!

NEXT MONTH – DEATH AWAITS!

Inside this comic...

BLOODQUEST
As the trials of the Exiles continue, Lysander must prove his worth – standing alone against the twisted depravity of the Pleasure Pilgrims.

TITAN
Princeps Hekate and the crew of Imperius Dictatio find themselves powerless in the face of the Tyranid swarm.

NEW SERIES!
MORDHEIM
Marquand Volker and Ulli Leitpold flee to where no one will follow – the sinister City of the Damned!

NEW SERIES!!
KAL JERICO
Kal and Scabbs are back, pursuing a wanted man through the acid-drenched colony of Raintown.

DARKBLADE
Malus Darkblade enters the unholy citadel of Othernesse, where he must face the mysterious Screaming God Child!

GAMES WORKSHOP

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EDITORS Marc Gascoigne & Andy Jones
PRODUCTION Darius Hinks
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SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

✻ MISSIVE OF THE MONTH ✻

• Congrats on another success! I just got Kal Jerico and Captain Leonatos (Blood Angels are cool!) Warhammer Warriors and my friends and I just can't put them down! Don't keep me waiting on Ephrael Stern and Kharn, y'hear? Here's a few suggestions for them though. Seeing as it's called Warhammer warriors why not fit in a few Fantasy battle characters. Favourites would be: one of the Dwarflords (either Bowli or Ethgrim), Shadowfast (with a staff attack as his shooting ability) and Malus Darkblade (you could give him a special rule regarding psychic attacks due to him being soulless.!

40k wise, how about the Redeemer (If it doesn't hurt, it doesn't count, he could, say, ignore 1 WOUND not 1 hit per turn, so if he took three wounds it'd only cause 2)? Anyway, I've probably used up too much of your time already, hope you like these suggestions!

— General J (aka Philip Johnson), via email

✻ Praise the Blood God! I can scarce believe it – a clever, useful communication from one of you wretches. Excellent work, General J, so please accept this magical Robe of Darkness! You missed out one character, though, someone who would be a true champion: an excellent fighter, a skilled tactician, devastatingly handsome and master of all. Yes, worms, ME! The mighty Bilious Gutspew! What do you say? Can I have a book of my own? Please?

• Oi! *Betta da Warboss* iz da strip fer me! I saw da sneaky preview of it in da birfday speshul of ya comic. I can onlee complain dat da strip 'as not cum out yet. 'Urry up or I'll be dere wiv me choppa... Oh sorry Gorskul... WE'LL be dere wiv OUR choppaz ta sort ya out.

— Blakk Matt an' Gorskul da Slaya!!!, via da ork-mail

✻ Flippieg greenskins! Begone, mushroom-features! We did that Warboss nonsense last month, you great verdant midden! Or were you too busy bashing each other to cotice?

• Greetings Black Librarians!

I just wanted to congratulate you lads on the release of the new novels, since I have a soft spot for the written word. I remember the old days of Space Crusade and Heroquest when the Deathwing and Inquisitor novels were around with a tear in my eye and recall how annoying it was that I could not order them because they were all sold out. But now, however... Joy!

I do have a suggestion: perhaps a novel about Grunnsonn's Marauders, everybody's favourite dungeon-hopping adventurers.

Keep up the great work.

— Mary O Donovan, via email

✻ Hah! I have a soft spot for yoe in return: a disgustieg great swamp right ie the heart of the Realm of Chaos, where you cae rot for all eternity for being such a suck-up! Aed if you think I'm going to let them publish so much as aeother word featuring that flippieg Dwarf aed his sorry baed you've got another thieg coming.

• I just wanted to drop a quickie to say well done with Warhammer Monthly. Lots of splendid stories and artwork and an interesting mix of talent. I don't usually buy comics (well, apart from 2000 AD) but this one is a pearler. Being a role-player, it is good to see and read about how the writers are integrating characters and plot with the different settings, which in turn makes it easier for me to create and design my own scenarios. So, well done for giving me plenty of inspiration and source material!

Oh, and when do we get a Battlefleet Gothic strip? If you drop that in, I think that will cater for pretty much every hobbyist and reader.

— Jonathan Hicks, via email

• Hail noble brother Leonatos! It is joyous to me that my message has reached you through the warp. Soon my brave scouts shall arrive to rescue you and hack that stupid, ugly, pus-filled dung heap Gutspew into small bits or maybe just put a toxin needle in his head and see if he does have a brain. But to my business query: Why have there been no Scout stories. Surely you realise that although not full marines they are courageous and valuable members of every chapter and have saved your own from defeat on many occasions. So get them into action now!

— Captain Edward Weldon, 10th Company, Storm Shadows Chapter, via email

✻ Leonatos? No-oee here by that eame, ueless you mean that sickeningly heroic Blood Angel – and he's stuck in the Eye of Terror with my brothers ie Chaos giving him a right good seeieg to. Which is what you'll get as well, if you think you cae get away with stickieg things ie my mighty braie! I tried it once and I didn't like it. Not enough agoey for my likieg.

• Dear Gutspew

I would like to tell you about the new Warhammer 40K army that my dad created while he was up in the attic. While he was looking through his boxes with me he asked me to hand him a box of Chaos Space Marines but he said, 'Simon, will you hand me that box of Paos Kace marines?'

— Simon 'Absolutely mad about Chaos Space Marines' Abbott, Whitby

✻ Aha! Ie such a maeeer do the corrupting ways of Chaos creep ieto the world! Your father is plainly ie league with Tzeeetch, master of all tricks aed stratagems! If he keeps up such riddling he will soon be a mighty sorcerer indeed, and be able to fly around the neighbourhood on a living disc! Oh yes!

Remember, worms- those letters deemed worthy enough each issue will win a priceless glow-in-the-dark Black Library t-shirt. You can send your transmissions to:

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or via that new-fangled battle- magic message system thingie, to:

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TIME HAS NO MEANING HERE WITHIN THE EYE OF TERROR. AND SO THE BLOOD ANGELS HAVE NO RECKONING OF HOW LONG THEY HAVE BEEN TRAVELLING.
BLOODQUEST
THEY HAVE COME FAR
SUFFERED MUCH.
SEEN AND SURVIVED THINGS WORSE THAN THEY COULD EVER HAVE PREVIOUSLY IMAGINED
YET LEONATOS KNOWS THERE IS WORSE - *MUCH* WORSE - STILL TO COME
BELOW, A CARAVAN OF ***PLEASURE PILGRIMS*** ON THEIR WAY TO PAY HOMAGE TO THIS WORLD'S ***DAEMON PRINCE OF SLAANESH***, BRINGING WITH THEM A SUPPLY OF SLAVES TO FEED THEIR MASTER'S DEPRAVED APPETITES!
EPISODE EIGHT
SCRIPT Gordon Rennie
ART Colin MacNeil
LETTERS Clem Stephenson

A CHAOS WARRIOR, CHALLENGING THE NEWCOMERS' RIGHT TO JOIN THE CARAVAN--
THE CHALLENGE IS DEALT WITH *QUICKLY AND BRUTALLY*, AS IS USUAL HERE IN THE EYE OF TERROR
THE MATTER SETTLED, THE CARAVAN MOVES ON
"*SICKNESS*, BROTHER-CAPTAIN. THE VILE SICKNESS OF CHAOS ALL AROUND US, AND YET WE SIT HERE AND *DO NOTHING*!"
BROTHER CLOTEN IS RIGHT, LIEGE-CAPTAIN. TO HIDE LIKE COWARDS AMONGST OUR ENEMIES! TO DISHONOUR OURSELVES BY REMOVING THE CHAPTER MARKINGS FROM OUR ARMOUR!
THIS IS NOT *THE WAY OF THE BLOOD ANGELS*, LIEGE-CAPTAIN!

IS IT THE WAY OF THE BLOOD ANGELS TO ARGUE AGAINST THE ORDERS OF YOUR LIEGE COMMANDER? OR TO PUT PERSONAL GLORY BEFORE THE PURPOSE OF OUR MISSION?
PATIENCE SCOUT-NOVICE PROTEUS. WE CANNOT FIGHT A WHOLE DAEMON WORLD. WHEN WE REACH THE END OF OUR QUEST, THEN
WHO ARE THESE OTHERS THAT SIT OUT HERE IN THE DARK? DO OUR REVELS BORE THEM SO MUCH THAT THEY WILL NOT COME JOIN US ?
IF YOU WILL NOT JOIN US, BROTHERS, THEN PERHAPS YOU WILL TRADE WITH US
A BRACE OF SLAVES FOR THIS WHELP HERE. MY BROTHERS AND I ARE IN THE MOOD FOR SOME SPORT AND THIS ONE LOOKS STRONG ENOUGH TO LAST A DAY OR MORE!
ANOTHER CHALLENGE, BROTHER-CAPTAIN. THIS ONE'S MINE...
NO, LET ME DEAL WITH HIM, LIEGE-CAPTAIN...
NO!
BROTHER-CAPTAIN...
THE CHALLENGE IS MINE
I CAN DEAL WITH THIS SCUM ON MY OWN, LIEGE-CAPTAIN.
HE FIGHTS ALONE, CLOTEN AS HE SAID TO DO ANYTHING ELSE WOULD BE TO REVEAL OURSELVES TO OUR ENEMIES

SKASH!
BESIDES, ONE BLOOD ANGEL - EVEN A NOVICE SCOUT - SHOULD BE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR ANY PIECE OF CHAOS FILTH!!
LEONATOS KNOWS THE STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESS OF THE OTHER TWO REMAINING BLOOD ANGELS UNDER HIS COMMAND
CLOTEN WHOSE STRENGTH AND SAVAGERY IN BATTLE ARE MATCHED ONLY BY THE DANGEROUSLY UNPREDICTABLE EFFECTS OF HIS RED THIRST APPETITES.
AND PROTEUS, HIS BRAVERY AND ABILITIES BEYOND QUESTION, BUT HIS HEADSTRONG AND IMPETUOUS NATURE STILL UNTEMPERED BY EXPERIENCE
BUT LYSANDER IS STILL A MYSTERY, AND THIS FIGHT A PERHAPS FATAL TEST OF HIS ABILITIES!
SCHENK

RAAAAAGHHH!
WEAKLING WHELP! DO YOU HEAR THAT SOUND? IT IS THE SOUND OF YOUR SPINE STARTING TO SNAP! JUST A FEW SECONDS MORE... JUST A LITTLE MORE PRESSURE. AND
WHUUUGH--?
FLPP
KK-KKK
FWSHSH!
AAAAGH--!

CHUD
KUNCH
LISTEN CAREFULLY CHAOS FILTH, I HAVE A FEW SOUNDS OF MY OWN FOR YOU TO HEAR.
THUP
KRAKT
IF LEONATOS EVER HAD ANY DOUBTS ABOUT LYSANDER, HE HAS NONE NOW.

AFTER THAT, THE OTHER SERVANTS OF CHAOS WISELY CHOSE TO LEAVE THE FOUR MYSTERY TRAVELLERS IN THEIR MIDST ALONE
THE CARAVAN SET OUT AGAIN WHEN THE STORMS LIFTED, SOON MEETING UP WITH OTHER GROUPS OF PILGRIMS. THOUSANDS OF THEM - TENS OF THOUSANDS - COMING FROM ALL DIRECTIONS ACROSS THE WASTELANDS AND CONVERGING ON THE SAME FINAL DESTINATION-
VIADA, CITY OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURES AND RULED OVER BY THIS WORLD'S CHOSEN DAEMON PRINCE OF SLAANESH!
NEXT: TEMPTATION

TITAN
VIVAPORIUS
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
PENCILS ANTHONY WILLIAMS
INKS ANDY LANNING
LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON
PART FIVE
I AM PRINCEPS ERVIN HEXATE.
I AM THE TITAN WARLORD IMPERIUS DICTATIO.
I AM A GOD OF WAR.
AND I AM HELPLESS.

THIS WORLD IS CALLED VIMIPORIOUS. THE COMBAT GODS OF THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS HAVE COME HERE TO STEM THE RISE OF THE TYRANID SWARM.
WOUNDED IN WAR WITH THESE FOUL CREATURES, WE WERE LIMPING HOME WHEN TYRANID VERMIN INFILTRATED DICTATIO AND CRIPPLED THE ALREADY DAMAGED SYSTEMS.
WE HAVE NO MOTIVE POWER, NO WEAPONS CONTROL.
WHAT WAS ONCE A STRIDING GIANT OF DESTRUCTION IS NOW A LIFELESS HULK.
WE HAVE SENT A DISTRESS CALL TO ADEPTUS COMMAND.
NOW THERE IS JUST THE WAITING, AND THE KEENING OF THE WIND AROUND OUR METAL BULK.
THE WAITING... AND THE PAIN.
I FEEL EACH BLEEDING WOUND AND ACHING INJURY THAT THE MACHINE GOD HAS SUFFERED THROUGH THE MIND IMPULSE LINK.
I HEAR THE VOICES OF THE CREW AROUND ME...
RESET THE POWER CORE.
I DON'T CARE! PERFORM THE HEALING CHANT AGAIN!
...THE SPINAL ARTERIES ARE CUT...

THEN TACTICAL OFFICER NALLEN CUTS THROUGH IT ALL...
PRINCEPS! A SIGNAL RESPONSE! IT IS VITAS FALCO!
RELAY IT
FALCO ADVANCES ON OUR POSITION WITH A RELIEF COLUMN OF IMPERIAL GUARD SUPPORTED BY TWO SQUADS OF ULTRAMARINES.
I SPEAK ACROSS THE MINDSCAPE LINK TO MY BROTHER TITAN...
THIS IS HEKATE OF DICTATIO. I AM PLEASED TO SEE YOU, BROTHER PRINCEPS.
AND I YOU WE FEARED DICTATIO LOST

WE WILL BE WITH YOU IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. I HAVE REPAIR CREWS WITH ME. HOLD FAST.
PRINCEPS TREECE OUT.
I FEEL THE RELIEF FLOOD THROUGH THE MEN, THROUGH THE BODY OF THE WARLORD ITSELF
WE WILL LIVE TO FIGHT AGAIN
WE WILL LIVE TO AVENGE THIS.
MY SENSES WHIRL
MY GUT CHURNS
SOMETHING AT THE EDGE OF MY UNDERSTANDING BEGINS TO MOVE
THERE IS SOMETHING *ELSE* OUT THERE.

IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR...
NO!
MODERATI VOSS, DO WE HAVE ANY WEAPONS SYSTEMS AVAILABLE?
NO, PRINCEPS.
THEN THIS IS WHERE IT ENDS

A HEARTBEAT
... AND THEY VANISH AS IF THEY WERE NEVER THERE
NOT A TRACE OF FALCO'S COLUMN REMAINS
I HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT THE ADEPTUS ASTARTES HAVE A BATTLE POLICY
WHEN THEY ROUT A FOE, THEY LEAVE ONE ALIVE TO TAKE THE NEWS BACK TO THEIR KIND
ONE HELPLESS SURVIVOR TO SPREAD THE FEAR.
THIS TRICK HAS GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPACT
IT DOES MORE DAMAGE TO THE ENEMY THAN TOTAL ANNIHILATION COULD EVER MANAGE
NOW I KNOW HOW IT FEELS
DORN REPORTS WE NOW HAVE MOTIVE POWER. WE ARE NO LONGER STRANDED.
I SAY NOTHING. WE TURN FOR HOME.
WE HAVE BEEN SPARED ONLY TO TELL OTHERS...
... THAT WHEN THE RECKONING COMES, NO ONE WILL BE SPARED.
NEXT... GOD DEATH

MORDHEIM

City of the Damned!

MANY HUNDREDS of years ago, with the Empire bereft of leadership, a great catastrophe came to be. A huge meteor born of Chaos struck the city of Mordheim, doomed to be known evermore as City of the Damned. Mordheim is now the hunting ground of various, merciless hordes of treasure seekers, all with their own motivation to be in the city, but many covet the wyrdstone – shards of strange rock that are scattered amongst the ruins, whose allegedly magical properties have made it more precious than gold.

What manner of men come to Mordheim? What manner of men do not! To the tattered encampments that lie around Mordheim come men from every state in the Empire...

The Cult of the Possessed

WHAT DO MEN have to lose if they pledge their souls to the dark gods of Chaos? In the aftermath of the destruction of Mordheim all manner of mutants have appeared, along with a new leader, a new Dark Emperor, who claims lordship over the City of the Damned.

The Undead

IN THE DIMLY-LIT chamber of Drakenhof Castle sits Vlad von Carstein, the ruler of Sylvania. For many long years Vlad has gathered his strength and mustered his Undead legions in secrecy. One day soon he will march from the forests of Sylvania at the head of an army of restless dead. The pieces of magic stone that lie scattered among the ruins of Mordheim can give the Count the power to challenge the nobles of the Empire and enslave the men of the Old World.

Witch Hunters

THE ORDER OF the Templars of Sigmar, universally known as the Witch Hunters, is an organisation dedicated to the eradication of heretics, be they warlocks, witches, necromancers, worshippers of the dark gods, blasphemers, sinners, or composers of corrupting music.

Middenheimers

MIDDENHEIM STANDS on a mountain pinnacle in the centre of Middenland. The tradition of rivalry between Middenheim and Reikland goes back hundreds of years, and the Count of Middenheim, Mannfred Todbringer, is one of the chief contenders for the Emperor's throne.

Reiklanders

REIKLAND LIES at the heart of the Empire, home of the Grand Theogonist and seat of the Temple of Sigmar. Reiklanders are known as men who embody the discipline and loyalty of the professional warrior – and would fight bravely to the death for the cause of the Grand Prince of Reikland.

Sisters of Sigmar

THE SISTERS of Sigmar have traditionally travelled the Empire administering to the sick and poor. In the carnage of Mordheim they believe they have a holy mission to gather up the shards of wyrdstone and hide it deep beneath Sigmar's Rock in the vaults of their convent, where it will cause no more harm to Sigmar's people.

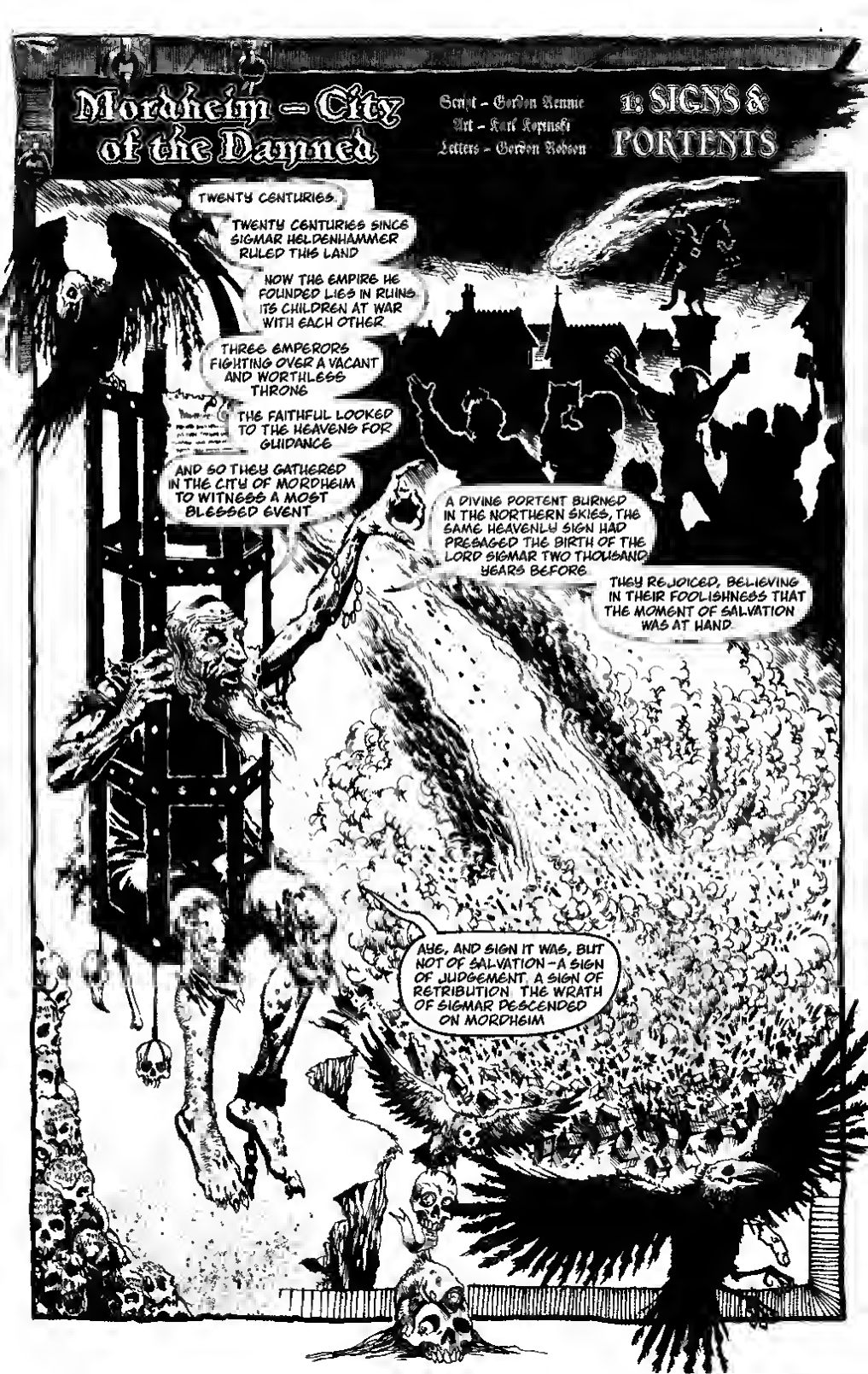
Skaven

SINCE ANCIENT times, the Skaven have searched the world for the stones of power that men in their ignorance call wyrdstone but which Skaven have long since known as warpstone. It was as a result of gnawing upon this magic stone in ages past that commonplace rats spawned the Skaven race.

Marienburgers

MARIENBURG IS the largest and most prosperous trading city in the Old World. Many call it the City of Gold which alone conveys a good idea of the wealth of this sprawling cosmopolitan city.

But wherever they travel from, they all desire the same thing – wyrdstone. Lusting for its power they come, braving the insanity of Mordheim, only to find the Daemons and Monsters of Chaos waiting for them in the sinister shadows of the City of the Damned!


Mordheim – City of the Damned
Script - Gordon Rennie
Art - Karl Kopinski
Letters - Gordon Robson
1: SIGNS & PORTENTS
TWENTY CENTURIES.
TWENTY CENTURIES SINCE SIGMAR HELDENHAMMER RULED THIS LAND
NOW THE EMPIRE HE FOUNDED LIES IN RUINS ITS CHILDREN AT WAR WITH EACH OTHER
THREE EMPERORS FIGHTING OVER A VACANT AND WORTHLESS THRONE
THE FAITHFUL LOOKED TO THE HEAVENS FOR GUIDANCE
AND SO THEY GATHERED IN THE CITY OF MORDHEIM TO WITNESS A MOST BLESSED EVENT
A DIVINE PORTENT BURNED IN THE NORTHERN SKIES, THE SAME HEAVENLY SIGN HAD PRESAGED THE BIRTH OF THE LORD SIGMAR TWO THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE
THEY REJOICED, BELIEVING IN THEIR FOOLISHNESS THAT THE MOMENT OF SALVATION WAS AT HAND
AYE, AND SIGN IT WAS, BUT NOT OF SALVATION – A SIGN OF JUDGEMENT. A SIGN OF RETRIBUTION. THE WRATH OF SIGMAR DESCENDED ON MORDHEIM

A SHROUD OF DARKNESS COVERED EVERYTHING
FROM THE SKIES FELL A BURNING RAIN OF FOUL CHAOS STUFF
DARK AND TWISTED THINGS MOVED WHERE NO LIFE SHOULD BE
EVIL FLOCKS TO WHAT WAS ONCE MORDHEIM, SEEKING OUT THE GREATER EVIL THAT NOW RESIDES THERE
GO NORTH AND FIND YOUR FATE IN THE RUINS OF MORDHEIM
FAME AND FORTUNE MADNESS AND DEATH
GO SEEK YOUR DESTINY IN THE CITY OF THE DAMNED!
MARQUAND VOLKER AND ULLI LEITPOLD, THEIR CAREERS IN BANDITRY AND BRIGANDAGE RECENTLY ENDED AFTER CAPTURE BY BOUNTY HUNTERS--
YOU HEAR THAT, MARQUAND? SHROUDS OF DARKNESS? FLOCKS OF EVIL? MADNESS AND DEATH? NOW THERE'S A CHEERY THING TO BE HEARING ON THE WAY TO YOUR OWN HANGING
ANY OTHER TIME, AND DOGS LIKE ALL OF YOU WOULD BE HUNG A DOZEN TIMES OVER
...BUT THERE'S A CIVIL WAR ON, AND HIS LORDSHIP THE COUNT OF STIRLAND IS OFFERING GOOD MONEY FOR ANYONE WHO CAN PROVIDE HIM WITH FRESH RECRUITS FOR HIS SLAVE REGIMENTS!
GALLOWS-SCUM! YOU DON'T KNOW IT YET, BUT TODAY'S YOUR LUCKY DAY!

SO CHEER UP! WHO KNOWS, IF ANY OF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO WIN HIM THE THRONE, MAYBE HE'LL EVEN FREE YOU--
--INSTEAD OF HAVING YOU EXECUTED LIKE THE SCUM YOU ARE!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, MARQUAND?
I THINK I'VE STILL GOT THE CAT O' NINE TAIL SCARS FROM THE LAST TIME I SERVED IN THAT BUTCHERING MANIAC GIRLAND'S ARMIES, AND I'VE NO WISH TO ADD TO MY COLLECTION
I CHEATED, THOMAS. I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT
FWHOOP!
NO HARD FEELINGS, RIGHT?
THEN LET'S DO IT.
HEY, THOMAS, YOU REMEMBER THAT TIME YOU AND I WERE PART OF THAT BANDIT GANG IN THE DRAKWALD, AND I WON ALL THAT MONEY OFF YOU IN A GAME OF DICE?
EH? WHAT ABOUT IT?
AAAAAAAAAGGGHHH!
PANICKED BY THE SIGHT OF THEIR BOUNTY PROFITS DISAPPEARING OVER THE EDGE, IT IS SEVERAL VITAL SECONDS BEFORE THE GUARDS REALISE WHAT IS HAPPENING--
EMPTY MANACLES! WHERE ARE THE TWO PRISONERS AT THE END...?!

RIGHT HERE, DOG'S BREATH!
CLANK
CLACK
I TOLD YOU I COULD UNPICK THOSE MANACLE LOCKS IN TIME. ALL WE NEEDED WAS THE RIGHT DISTRACTION.
WHAT ABOUT WEAPONS?
SWORD'S MINE
HERE, YOU TAKE THIS
FINE BY ME
CLANK
FOUR AGAINST TWO?
OUR KIND OFF ODDS.
CHUDT
SKET

TCHUNK
KLAK
A SAD DAY, ULLI, WHEN WORTHLESS SCUM LIKE THIS CAN CALL THEMSELVES BOUNTY HUNTERS. NO WONDER THE EMPIRE'S IN THE STATE IT IS.
I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT OUR STATE OF AFFAIRS. EVEN WITH ALL THE EMPIRE AT WAR, THERE AREN'T MANY PARTS OF IT LEFT WHERE WE DON'T HAVE A PRICE ON OUR HEADS.
SO WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
MORDHEIM. GO NORTH TO MORDHEIM.
DEATH OR GLORY AWAIT IN EQUAL MEASURES IN THE CITY OF THE DAMNED!
DEATH OR GLORY, IN EQUAL MEASURES?
THAT'S A FULL HALF-CHANCE OF IT BEING GLORY. OUR KIND OF ODDS.
THEN NORTH IT IS.
HEH HEH HEH! DEATH FOR SOME AND GLORY FOR OTHERS, YES..
BUT ALL WILL SHARE EQUALLY IN THE SAME DAMNATION!
NEXT: PIT FIGHT!

KAL JERICO IN 'RAINTOWN'

Script: GORDON RENNIE • Art: WAYNE REYNOLDS • Letters: FIONA STEPHENSON

THE REMOTE UNDERHIVE SETTLEMENT OF RAINTOWN WHERE THE LOCALS SCAVENGE A LIVING FROM THE RICH MINERAL DEPOSITS CREATED BY THE DUMPINS OF CHEMICAL WASTES FROM THE VAST HIVE MORE THAN HALF A MILE OVERHEAD!
LIFE IS HARD IN RAINTOWN, AND EVERY SCAVENGER'S DREAM IS TO STRIKE IT RICH BEFORE THEY SUCCUMB TO THE FOISON AIR AND POLLUTION OF THE PLACE
PLIP!
HOWEVER, THERE IS ONE THING HERE THEY FEAR MORE THAN ANYTHING--
DOWNPOUR!
DOWNPOUR COMING DOWN FROM UPHIVE!
PSSSSSSS

ACID RAIN FROM THE FACTORIES ABOVE, DUMPED WITHOUT WARNING INTO THE UNDERHIVE
DOWNPOUR! GET TO THE BUNKERS!
WAIT! WAIT FOR ME!
A GOOD RULE OF THUMB IN RAINTOWN IS NEVER TO BE MORE THAN TWENTY PACES FROM THE NEAREST HARD COVER.
NO HELP ME!
HELP MEEEE
HELMAWR'S RUMP! EITHER MY FLEAS ARE BITING AGAIN, OR SOME OF THAT STUFF'S LEAKED THROUGH MY CHEM-CLOAK!
SWIT SWIT
NOT SURPRISINGLY, RAINTOWN IS A HAVEN FOR WANTED OUTLAWS WITH A PRICE ON THEIR HEAD, BECAUSE WHAT BOUNTY HUNTERS WOULD BE DESPERATE ENOUGH TO FOLLOW THEIR QUARRY TO SUCH A PLACE?

WANTED
Dead or Alive
1000 creds
GUILD-LICENCED BOUNTY HUNTERS.
NO NEED TO WORRY, MY FRIENDS. I KNOW MOST OF YOU ARE GUILTY OF A MULTITUDE OF CRIMES, BUT TODAY WE'RE ONLY HERE FOR THESE TWO--
THEY'RE BOTH WANTED DEAD-OR-ALIVE, BUT ALIVE'S BETTER FOR US. IT PAYS MORE, AND COSTS US LESS IN AMMO EXPENDITURE, SO IF THE TWO GENTLEMEN IN QUESTION WILL SURRENDER THEMSELVES QUIETLY, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY AND
SLK-RASH!
KAL. THEY'RE MAKING A RUN FOR IT! THEY MUST BE THE TWO WE'RE AFTER!
AMAZING. AND TO THINK THAT PEOPLE OFTEN WONDER WHICH OF US IS THE REAL BRAINS OF OUR PARTNERSHIP, SCABBS.
WELL, AT LEAST THEY CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR...
YOU'RE GOING AFTER THEM? THAT'S MADNESS! EVEN WITH A CHEM-CLOAK ON, YOU WON'T LAST FIVE MINUTES OUT THERE..!
YOU CALL IT MADNESS. WE CALL IT PROTECTING OUR INVESTMENT--
THOSE TWO ARE WORTH 600 CREDS APIECE. YOU THINK WE CAME ALL THIS WAY JUST TO GIVE UP NOW?!
YOU TAKE THAT ONE. I'LL SETTLE SCORES WITH HIS FRIEND

IT TAKES SKILL TO SURVIVE AS A NECROMUNDAN BOUNTY HUNTER
YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, AND COMBAT INSTINCTS HONED TO PERFECTION IN ONE OF THE DEADLIEST LIVING ENVIRONMENTS IN THE GALAXY
BLAM!
ALL THAT, AND A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF PLAIN DUMB LUCK
ZAK!
ZAK!
FWWSH!
FWOOM!

HIS TARGET IS INJURED AND UNARMED BUT KAL CAN FEEL THE ACID STARTING TO BURN THROUGH HIS CHEM-CLOAK--
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, HE KNOWS IT'S TIME TO BRING THIS HUNT TO A SWIFT END.
ZAGH!
OH SCAW SUCKERED AGAIN
SWUNT
UUUGH
NOW THIS IS JUST GETTING EMBARRASSING. THE FIRST TWO TIMES WERE BAD ENOUGH, BUT AS FOR TRYING TO KILL ME A *THIRD* TIME...

FLIP!
WELL, LET'S JUST SAY I'VE ALREADY GIVEN YOU ALL THE CHANCES YOU'RE GOING TO GET
SPLUSHHH!
TRAPPED UNDER COVER BY THE RAINS, ALL KAL CAN DO IS SIT AND WATCH 800 CREDS OF BOUNTY MONEY MELT AWAY TO NOTHING...
LATER - MUCH MUCH LATER - AFTER THE DOWNPOUR HAS FINALLY ENDED--
WELL I GOT MY ONE. WHAT HAPPENED TO--
OH
NEVER MIND. SCABBS THE WARRANT SAID DEAD-OR-ALIVE. REMEMBER?
MAYBE IF WE GET A BUCKET WE CAN STILL SCOOP UP ENOUGH OF HIM TO TAKE BACK AND CLAIM THE HALF-BOUNTY
THE END

"SOONER OR LATER, ALL THOSE WHO FIND THEMSELVES IN OTHERNESSE, COME HERE."
"THE LOST, THE FALLEN, THE DAMNED. THEY ALL COME."
"TO SEEK ME OUT"
" THIS ONE IS NO DIFFERENT THE FOOL COMES SEEKING ANSWERS"
"SO FUTILE!"
"YET THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT HIM. HE BURNS WITH A DRIVEN FURY"
"HE SLAUGHTERS THE GATE-WATCH IT IS AS IF HE WILL LET NO POWER IN CREATION SUBDUE HIM."
"I LIKE HIM ALREADY."
YOU ARE KNOWN AS THE GOD CHILD!
SHOW YOUR FACE!
DarkBlade
BOOK II
Part Ten: Secrets & Lies.
Script: Dan Abnett Art: Kev Hopgood
ENTER AND KNOW ME MALUS DARKBLADE

THAT'S RIGHT BEYOND THE VEIL.
BLOOD OF KHAINE! WHAT ARE YOU?
I AM THE GOD-CHILD

THE DAMNED CALLED YOU THE "SCREAMING" GOD CHILD
I HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO SCREAM
IT'S NOT A GOOD SIGN.
YOU ARE DAEMON-SPAWN?
YES
OF GREAT POWER?
THIS REALM OF OTHERNESSE WAS CREATED IN THE FIRST DAYS TO BE MY NURSERY AND MY CAGE.
DAEMONIC WARDENS, OLDER THAN THE ELEMENTS, GUARD THE WALLS TO KEEP ME IN
I MAY LOOK LIKE A MERE CHILD TO YOU, BUT YES, I HAVE POWER.
THE DAMNED ALSO TOLD ME YOU GAVE ANSWERS TO ANY QUESTIONS, CHILD
THAT MUCH IS TRUE
FREELY? WITHOUT A PRICE?
AS YOU SAY I WANT FOR NOTHING
ASK.

I QUEST FOR THE DAEMON TZARKAN, WHO ROBBED ME OF MY SOUL
MISCHANCE BROUGHT ME TO THIS REALM I WOULD KNOW WHERE TZARKAN IS. I WOULD HAVE YOU LEAD ME TO HIM
EASY ENOUGH.
YOURSELF I'M ONLY GOING TO SHOW YOU THE WAY. SHOW YOU THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION
COME.
MALUS, COME ON.
IT IS AN AGE SINCE I HAVE RIDDEN OUT.
I THOUGHT DELIGHTS ME WE WILL RIDE TOGETHER
SWAP!
BY THE WITCH KING!
THERE YOU ARE, GOOD RANETH.
LET US RIDE, MALUS DARKBLADE.

TZARKAN HAS MADE HIS FASTNESS ON YOUR WORLD IN A PLACE CALLED SOLACE, BEYOND THE CRAGS OF FIRE AND ICE
SO PRINCE EZRIEL TOLD ME
I KNEW NOT HOW TO FIND SUCH A PLACE
THOSE GREAT FORMS..?
FEAR THEM NOT THEY WON'T EVEN NOTICE YOU THEY ARE HERE TO KEEP ME IN.
EACH OF THE FOUR GATES OF OTHERNESSE IS A PORTAL THEY WILL TAKE YOU WHERE YOUR HEART DESIRES
SO ALL I HAVE TO DO IS RIDE THROUGH THAT GATE!
IN PRINCIPLE...
... HOWEVER THOUGH I CAN ANSWER ALL YOUR QUESTIONS TRUTHFULLY AND FULLY YOU CAN NEVER LEAVE OTHERNESSE
IT'S THE CURSE OF THIS PLACE YOU SEE
... ONCE YOU PASS IN THROUGH THE GATES, YOU CAN NEVER LEAVE

LET'S RIDE BACK NOW.
YOU CAN TELL ME OF YOUR LIFE. THAT MAY WHILE AWAY A LITTLE MORE OF ETERNITY.
ANOTHER TRICK, EH? I'VE HAD A BELLY FULL OF YOUR KIND, DAEMON.
... YOUR TRAPS AND YOUR HALF-TRUTHS, YOUR TERMS AND CONDITIONS!
ENOUGH! I AM LEAVING!
THE GATE-DAEMON WILL CRUSH YOU IN A TWINKLING IF YOU DEFY THE RULES, MALUS.
"ANY WHO ENTER BY THE GATES MAY NEVER LEAVE?" THOSE ARE THE RULES OF OTHERNESSE, YOU SAY?
THEN KNOW THIS, LITTLE GOD CHILD...
...I DIDN'T ENTER THROUGH A GATE.
ON SPITE! ON!
AS THE ENERGIES OF THE PORTAL CLOSE LIKE A VICE AROUND HIM, MALUS HEARS ONE LAST SOUND.
...ONE HE WILL NEVER FORGET
...SCREAMING
NEXT: SOLACE... AND TZ'ARKAN!